THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 18, 1793.

VILLAGE POLITICS.

Addreſſed to all the Mechanics, Journeymen, and Labourers in Great Britain.

BY WILL CHIP, A COUNTRY CARPENTER.

[*In a Dialogue between Jack Anvil the Blackſmith, and Tom Hod the Maſon.*]

(*Concluded from Page* 125.)

Tom. BUT the ſubject is not below the King; all Kings are crowned ruffians: and all governments are wicked. For my part I'm reſolved I'll pay no more taxes to any of them.

Jack. Tom, Tom, this is thy nonſenſe; if thou did'ſt go oftener to church, thou wou'dſt know where it is ſaid, "Render to Ceſar the things that are Ceſar's;" and alſo, "Fear God, honour the King." Your book tells you that we need obey no government but that of the people, and that we may faſhion and alter the government according to our whimſies; but mine tells me, "Let every one be ſubject to the higher powers, for all power is of God, the powers that be are ordained of God; whoſoever therefore reſiſteth the power, reſiſteth the ordinance of God." Thou ſayſt, thou wilt pay no taxes to any of them. Doſt thou know who it was that work'd a miracle, that he might have money to pay tribute with,

rather than ſet you and me an example of diſobedience to government?

Tom. I ſay we ſhall never be happy, till we do as the French do.

Jack. The French and we contending for liberty, Tom, is juſt as if thou and I were to pretend to run a race; thou to ſet out from the ſtarting poſt, when I am in already: why we've got it man; we've no race to run. We're there already. Our conſtitution is no more like what the French one was, than a mug of our Taunton beer is like a platter of their ſoup-maigre.

Tom. I know we ſhall be undone, if we don't get a new *conſtitution*—that's all.

Jack. And I know we ſhall be undone if we do. I don't know much about politicks, but I can ſee by a little, what a great deal means. Now only to ſhew thee the ſtate of public credit, as I think Tim Standiſh calls it. There's Farmer Furrow: a few years ago he had an odd 50l. by him; ſo to keep it out of harm's way, he put it out to uſe, on government ſecurity I think he calls it. Well; t'other day he married one of his daughters, ſo he thought he'd give her that 50l. for a bit of a portion. Tom, as I'm living man, when he went to take it out, if his 50l. was not grown almoſt to 100l. and would have been a full hundred, they ſay, by this time, if the gentleman had been let alone.

Tom. Well, ſtill, as the old ſaying is—I ſhou'd like to do as they do in France.

Jack. What ſhou'dſt like to be murder'd with as little ceremony as Hackabout, the butcher, knocks down a calf? Then for every little bit of tiff, a man gets rid of his wife.—And as to liberty of conſcience, which they brag ſo much about, why they have driven away their parſons, (aye and murdered many of 'em) becauſe they wou'd not ſwear as they would have them. And then they talk of liberty of the preſs; why, Tom, only t'other day they hanged a man for printing a book againſt this pretty government of their's.

Tom. But you ſaid yourſelf it was ſad times in France, before they pull'd down the old government.

Jack. Well, and ſuppoſe the French were as much in the right as I know them to be in the wrong; what does that argue for us? Becauſe neighbour Furrow t'other day pulled down a crazy old barn, is that a reaſon why I muſt ſet fire to my tight cottage?

Tom. I don't ſee why one man is to ride in his coach and ſix, while another mends the highway for him.

Jack.

Jack. I don't ſee why the man in the coach is to drive over the man on foot, or hurt a hair of his head. And as to our great folks, that you levellers have ſuch a ſpite againſt; I don't pretend to ſay they are a bit better than they ſhould be; but that's no affair of mine; let them look to that; they'll anſwer for that in another place. To be ſure, I wiſh they'd ſet us a better example about going to church, and thoſe things; but ſtill hoarding's not the ſin of the age; they don't lock up their money—away it goes, and every body's the better for it. They do ſpend too much, to be ſure, in feaſtings and fandangoes, and if I was a parſon I'd go to work with 'em in another kind of a way; but as I am only a poor tradeſman, why 'tis but bringing more griſt to the mill. It all comes among the people—Their coaches and their furniture, and their buildings, and their planting, employ a power of tradeſpeople and labourers.—Now in this village; what ſhou'd we do without the caſtle? Though my lady is too rantipoliſh, and flies about all ſummer to hot water and cold water, and freſh water and ſalt water, when ſhe ought to ſtay at home with Sir John; yet when ſhe does come down, ſhe brings ſuch a deal of gentry that I have more horſes than I can ſhoe, and my wife more linen than ſhe can waſh. Then all our grown children are ſervants in the family, and rare wages they have got. Our little boys get ſomething every day by weeding their gardens, and the girls learn to ſew and knit at Sir John's expence; who ſends them all to ſchool of a Sunday.

Tom. Aye, but there's not Sir Johns in every village.

Jack. The more's the pity. But there's other help.—'Twas but laſt year you broke your leg, and was nine weeks in the Briſtol 'Firmary, where you was taken as much care of as a lord, and your family was maintained all the while by the pariſh. No poor-rates in France, Tom; and here there's a matter of two million and a half paid for them, if 'twas but a little managed.

Tom. Two million and a half!

Jack. Aye, indeed. Not tranſlated into ten-pences, as your French millions are, but twenty good ſhillings to the pound. But, when this levelling comes about, there will be no 'firmaries, no hoſpitals, no charity-ſchools, where ſo many hundred thouſand poor ſouls learn to read the word of God for nothing. For who is to pay for them? equality can't afford it; and thoſe that may be willing won't be able.

Tom. But we ſhall be one as good as another, for all that.

 Jack.

Jack. Aye, and bad will be the best. But we must work as we do now, and with this difference, that no one will be able to pay us. Tom! I have got the use of my limbs, of my liberty, of the laws, and of my Bible. The two first, I take to be my *natural* rights; the two last my *civil* and *religious*; these, I take it, are the *true Rights of Man*, and all the rest is nothing but nonsense, and madness, and wickedness. My cottage is my castle; I sit down in it at night in peace and thankfulness, and "no man maketh me afraid." Instead of indulging discontent, because another is richer than I in this world, (for envy is at the bottom of your equality works,) I read my Bible, go to church, and think of a treasure in Heaven.

Tom. Aye; but the French have got it in this world.

Jack. 'Tis all a lye, Tom. Sir John's butler says his master gets letters which say 'tis all a lye. 'Tis all murder, and nakedness, and hunger; many of the poor soldiers fight without victuals, and march without clothes. These are your democrats! Tom.

Tom. What then, dost think all the men on our side wicked?

Jack. No—not so neither—they've made fools of the most of you, as I believe. I judge no man, Tom; I hate no man. Even republicans and levellers, I hope, will always enjoy the protection of our laws; though I hope they never will be our law-makers. There's many true Dissenters, and there's hollow Churchmen; and a good man is a good man, whether his church has got a steeple to it or not. The new fashioned way of proving one's religion is to hate somebody. Now, tho' some folks pretend that a man's hating a Papist, or a Presbyterian, proves him to be a good Churchman, it don't prove him to be a good Christian, Tom. As much as I hate republican works, I'd scorn to live in a country where there was not liberty of conscience; and where every man might not worship God in his own way. Now that they had in France, the Bible was shut up in an unknown heathenish tongue. While here, thou and I can make as free use of our — as a Bishop; can no more be sent to prison unjustly than a judge; and are as much taken care of by the laws as the Parliament man who makes them. And this levelling makes people so dismal. These poor French fellows used to be the merriest dogs in the world; but since equality come in, I don't believe a Frenchman has ever laughed.

Tom. What then dost thou take French liberty to be?

Jack.

Jack. To murder more men in one night, than ever their poor King did in his whole life.

Tom. And what doſt thou take a democrat to be?

Jack. One who likes to be governed by a thouſand tyrants, and yet can't bear a King.

Tom. What is equality?

Jack. For every man to pull down every one that is above him, till they're all as low as the loweſt.

Tom. What is the new Rights of Man?

Jack. Battle, murder, and ſudden death.

Tom. What is it to be an enlightened people?

Jack. To put out the light of the goſpel, confound right and wrong, and grope about in pitch darkneſs.

Tom. What is philoſophy, that Tim Standiſh talks ſo much about?

Jack. To believe that there's neither God, nor Devil, nor Heaven, nor Hell.—To dig up a wicked old fellow's* rotten bones, whoſe books, Sir John ſays, have been the ruin of thouſands; and to ſet his figure up in a church and worſhip him.

Tom. And what mean the other hard words that Tim talks about—organization and function, and civiſm, and inciviſm, and equalization, and inviolability, and imperſcriptible?

Jack. Nonſenſe, gibberiſh, downright hocus-pocus.—I know 'tis not Engliſh; Sir John ſays 'tis not Latin; and his valet de ſham ſays 'tis not French neither.

Tom. And yet Tim ſays he ſhall never be happy till all theſe fine things are brought over to England.

Jack. What into this Chriſtian country, Tom? Why doſt know they have no ſabbath? Their mob parliament meets of a Sunday to do their wicked work, as naturally as we do to go to church. They have renounced God's day, and they don't even date in the year of our Lord. Why doſt turn pale man? And the rogues are always making ſuch a noiſe, Tom, in the midſt of their Parliament-Houſe, that their ſpeaker rings a bell, like our penny-poſtman, becauſe he can't keep them in order.

Tom. And doſt thou think our Rights of Man will lead to all this wickedneſs?

Jack. As ſure as eggs are eggs.

Tom. I begin to think we're better off as we are.

Jack.

* Voltaire.

Jack. I'm ſure on't. This is only a ſcheme to make us go back in every thing. 'Tis making ourſelves poor when we are getting rich.

Tom. I begin to think I'm not ſo very unhappy as I had got to fancy.

Jack. Tom, I don't care for drink myſelf but thou doſt, and I'll argue with thee in thy own way; when there's all equality there will be no ſuperfluity; when there's no wages there'll be no drink; and levelling will rob thee of thy ale more than the malt tax does.

Tom. But Standiſh ſays if we had a good government there'd be no want of any thing.

Jack. He is like many others, who take the King's money and betray him. Though I'm no ſcholar, I know that a good government is a good thing. But don't go to make me believe that any government can make a bad man good, or a diſcontented man happy.—What art muſing upon man?

Tom. Let me ſum up the evidence, as they ſay at 'ſizes—Hem! To cut every man's throat who does not think as I do, or hang him up at a lamp-poſt!—Pretend liberty of conſcience, and then baniſh the parſons only for being conſcientious!—Cry out liberty of the preſs, and hang up the firſt man who ſpeaks his mind!—Loſe our poor laws!—Loſe one's wife perhaps upon every little tiff!—March without clothes, and fight without victuals!—No trade!—No Bible—No ſabbath nor day of reſt!—No ſafety, no comfort, no peace in this world—and no world to come!—Jack, I never knew thee tell a lie in my life.

Jack. Nor wou'd I now, not even againſt the French.

Tom. And thou art very ſure we are not ruined.

Jack. I'll tell thee how we are ruined. We have a King ſo loving, that he wou'd not hurt the people if he cou'd; and ſo kept in, that he cou'd not hurt the people if he wou'd. We have as much liberty as can make us happy, and more trade and riches than allows us to be good. We have the beſt laws in the world, if they were more ſtrictly enforced; and the beſt religion in the world, if it was better followed. While Old England is ſafe, I'll glory in her and pray for her, and when ſhe is in danger, I'll fight for her and die for her.

Tom. And ſo will I too, Jack, that's what I will. (*ſings.*)

"*O the roaſt beef of Old England!*"

Jack. Thou art an honeſt fellow, Tom.

Tom.

Tom. This is the Rose and Crown night, and Tim Standish is now at his mischief; but we'll go and put an end to that fellow's work.

Jack. Come along.

Tom. No; first I'll stay to burn my book, and then I'll go and make a bonfire and—

Jack. Hold, Tom. There is but one thing worse than a bitter enemy, and that is an imprudent friend. If thou woud'st shew thy love to thy King and country, let's have no drinking, no riot, no bonfires; but put in practice this text, which our parson preached on last Sunday, "Study to be quiet, work with your own hands, and mind your own business."

Tom. And so I will, Jack—Come on.

Extracts from the Address of Sir Archibald Macdonald, Knt. his Majesty's Attorney General, to the Gentlemen of the Jury who brought in Thomas Paine guilty of a Libel, in publishing "The Second Part of the Rights of Man," delivered December 18, 1792.

(*Continued from Page* 102.)

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

YOU will permit me now to say a word or two upon those passages, which I have selected to you, first describing a little what those passages are. I have thought it much more becoming, much more beneficial to the public, than any other course that I could take, to select six or seven, and no more, (not wishing to load the record unnecessarily) of those passages that go to the very root of our constitution, that is the nature of the passages which I have selected, and gentlemen, the first of them is in page 21, where you will find this doctrine.

"All hereditary government is in its nature tyranny, an heritable crown, or an heritable throne, or by what other fanciful name such things may be called, have no other significant explanation than that mankind are heritable property. To inherit a government is to inherit the people, as if they were flocks and herds."

Now, gentlemen, what is the tendency of this passage? "All hereditary government is in its nature tyranny." So that no qualification whatever, not even the subordination to the

the law of the country, which is the only paramount thing that we know of in this country, can take it out of the description of tyranny; the regal office being neither more nor less than a trust executed for the subjects of this country; the person who fills the regal office being understood, in this country, to be neither more nor less than the chief executive magistrate heading the whole gradation of magistracy.

But without any qualification he states it roundly, that under all circumstances whatever hereditary government must in its nature be tyranny; what is that but to hold out to the people of this country that they are nought but slaves: to be sure, if they are living under a tyranny, it is impossible to draw any other consequence.

This is one of those short propositions that are crammed down the throat of every man that is accessible to their arts in this country; this is one of those propositions, which, if he believes, must have the due effect upon his mind, of saying, the case is come when I understand I am oppressed, I can bear it no longer.

"An heritable crown." Our's is an heritable crown, and therefore it is comprehended in this dogma: "Or by what other fanciful name such things may be called." Is that discussion? Contemptuous, vilifying, and degrading expressions of that sort are applied to that which we are accustomed to look to with reverence, namely, the representation of the whole body of magistracy and of the law—"have no other significant explanation than that mankind are heritable property. To inherit a government is to inherit the people, as if they were flocks and herds."

Why, gentlemen, are the people of England to be told, without further ceremony, that they are inherited by a King of this country, and that they are precisely in the case of sheep and oxen? I leave you to judge if such gross, contemptible, and abominable falsehood is delivered out in bits and scraps of this sort, whether that does not call aloud for punishment?

Gentlemen, only look at the truth; the converse is directly the case. The King of this country inherits an office under the law; he does not inherit persons; we are not in a state of villenage; the direct reverse to what is here pointed out is the truth of the matter; the King inherits an office, but as to any inheritance of his people, none, you know, belongs to him, and I am ashamed to say any thing more upon it.

The next is in page 47, in which this man is speaking of the Congress at Philadelphia in 1787, which was held because

 the

the government of that country was found to be extremely defective as at first established.

" This Convention met at Philadelphia, in May 1787, which General Washington was elected president; he was not at that time connected with any of the State-governments or with Congress. He delivered up his commission when the war ended, and since then had lived a private citizen.

" The Convention went deeply into all the subjects, and having, after a variety of debate and investigation, agreed among themselves upon the several parts of a federal Constitution, the next question was the manner of giving it authority and practice."

What is the conclusion of that?—they certainly agreed upon an appointment of their federal Constitution in 1787. I should have thought that a man, meaning nothing more than history, would have been very well contented to have stated what actually did happen upon that occasion; but, in order to discuss (as possibly it may be called) something that formerly did pass in this country, he chose to do it in these inflaming and contemptuous terms.

" For this purpose they did not, like a cabal of courtiers, send for a Dutch Stadtholder or a German Elector; but they referred the whole matter to the sense and interest of the country."

Here again the revolution and the act of settlement stare us in the face, as if the interest and the sense of the country were in no way consulted; but, on the contrary, it was nothing more than a mere cabal of courtiers.—Whether that is or is not to be endured in this country, your verdict will shew; but, in order to shew you how totally unnecessary this passage was, except for the deliberate purpose of calumny; if this passage had been left out, the narration would have been quite perfect. I will read three or four lines just to shew how perfect it would have been:—" The next question was about the manner of giving it authority and practice." The passage beyond that which I call a libel,—" They first directed that the proposed Constitution should be published; secondly, that each State should elect a Convention, for the purpose of taking it into consideration, and of ratifying or rejecting it;" and so the story goes on—but, in order to explain what I mean by a dogma thrust in, I call your attention to this, as one of those which has no earthly connexion with the subject he was then speaking of.

Does not this paſſage ſtand inſulated between the two parts of the connected ſtory officiouſly and deſignedly thruſt in for the purpoſes of miſchief? Gentlemen, the artifice of that book conſiſts alſo in this; the different wicked paſſages that are meant to do miſchief in this country, are ſpread throughout it, and ſtuck in here and there, in a manner that in order to ſee the whole malignity of it, it is neceſſary to have a recollection of ſeveral preceding paſſages; but theſe paſſages when brought together manifeſtly ſhew the full deſign of the writer, and therefore extracts of it may be made to contain the whole marrow; and at the ſame time that each paſſage, taken by itſelf, will do miſchief enough, any man reading them together, will ſee that miſchief come out much clearer than by a mere tranſient reading.

The next paſſage I have to obſerve upon is in page 52, and in page 52 he is pleaſed to expreſs himſelf in this manner: He ſays,

"The hiſtory of the Edwards and the Henrys, and up to the commencement of the Stuarts, exhibits as many inſtances of tyranny as could be acted within the limits to which the nation had reſtricted it; the Stuarts endeavoured to paſs thoſe limits, and their fate is well known. In all theſe inſtances we ſee nothing of a Conſtitution, but only of reſtrictions on aſſumed power."

Then, gentlemen, from the reign of the Edwards and the Henrys down to the Revolution, it was a regular progreſſion of tyranny, not a progreſſion of liberty but of tyranny, till the Stuarts ſtepped a little beyond the line in the gradation that was going forwards, and that begot a neceſſity for a revolution; but of the Edwards I ſhould have thought, at leaſt, he might have ſpared the great founder of our juriſprudence, King Edward the Firſt, beſide many other Princes, the glory and the boaſt of this country, and many of them regarders of its freedom and Conſtitution; but inſtead of that, this author would have the people of this country believe that up to that time it was a progreſſive tyranny, and that there was nothing of a Conſtitution, only reſtrictions on aſſumed power;—ſo that all the power that exiſted at that time was aſſumption and uſurpation.

He thus proceeds "After this another William deſcended from the ſame ſtock, and claiming from the ſame origin, gained poſſeſſion, and of the two evils, James and William, the nation preferred what it thought the leaſt." So that the deliverance of this country by the Prince of Orange was an evil

but

but the least of the two, "since from circumstances it must take one. The act called the Bill of Rights comes here into view: What is it but a bargain which the parts of the government made with each other to divide powers, profits, and privileges? You shall have so much, and I will have the rest; and with respect to the nation, it said, for *your share*, YOU *shall have the right of petitioning*. This being the case, the Bill of Rights is more properly a BILL OF WRONGS AND OF INSULT. As to what is called the Convention Parliament, it was a thing that made itself, and then made the authority by which it acted; a few persons got together, and called themselves by that name: several of them had never been elected, and none of them for the purpose."

"From the time of William a species of government arose, issuing out of this coalition Bill of Rights, and more so since the corruption introduced at the Hanover succession by the agency of Walpole, that can be described by no other name than a despotic legislation.

Now, gentlemen, this is the description that this man holds out of that on which rests the property, the lives, and liberties, and the privileges of the people of this country. I wonder to God, gentlemen, that any British man (for such this man certainly was, and still is) to use the words of our own poet, when he spoke these words, A BILL OF WRONGS, A BILL OF INSULT they did not "stick in his throat." What is that Bill of Rights? It can never be too often read. I will make no comment upon it, because your own heads and hearts will make that comment; you have a posterity to look to. Are desperate ruffians, who are to be found in every country, thus to attack the unalienable rights and privileges which are to descend undiminished to that posterity?

Are YOU not to take care that this shall be sacred to your posterity. Is it not a trust in YOUR hands? It is a trust in YOUR hands as much as the execution of the law is a trust in the hands of the crown; each has its guardians in this community, but you are the guardians of the Bill of Rights.

Gentlemen, it is this, "That the pretended power of suspending of laws, or the execution of laws, by regal authority, without consent of Parliament, is illegal.

"That the pretended power of dispensing with laws, or the execution of laws, by the regal authority, as it hath been assumed and exercised of late, is illegal."

That is, the law is above all.

U 2 That

That levying money for, or to the uſe of, the Crown, by pretence of prerogative, without grant of Parliament, for longer time, or in other manner than the ſame is or ſhall be granted, is illegal."

"That it is the right of the ſubjects to petition the King, and all commitments and proſecutions for ſuch petitions are illegal."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Extraordinary Hiſtory of the ſingular Regiſter of a Burial in the Pariſh of Streatham.

[From Lyſon's Environs of London.]

"—— RUSSEL, buried April 14, 1772. N. B. This perſon was always known under the guiſe or habit of a woman, and anſwered to the name of Elizabeth, as regiſtered in this pariſh Nov. 21, 1669, but at death proved to be a man."

In ſpeaking of this extraordinary perſon, whoſe hiſtory I have taken ſome pains to inquire into, it will be neceſſary, in order to avoid confuſion among the relative pronouns, to make conſtant uſe of the maſculine gender, however oddly it may be ſometimes combined. The various adventures of his life, had they been collected by a contemporary, would have formed a volume as entertaining as thoſe of the celebrated Bampfylde Moore Carew, whom he accompanied in many of his rambles, and from whom probably he firſt took the hint of diſguiſing his ſex to anſwer ſome temporary purpoſe.

Upon examining the pariſh regiſter, I find that John Ruſſel had three daughters, and two ſons; William, born in 1668, and Thomas, in 1672; there is little doubt therefore that the perſon here recorded was one of the two; and that when he aſſumed the female dreſs, he aſſumed alſo the name of his ſiſter Elizabeth, who probably either died in her infancy, or ſettled in ſome remote part of the country; under this name, in the year 1770, he applied for a certificate of his baptiſm.

He attached himſelf at an early period of life to the gypſies, and being of a rambling diſpoſition viſited moſt parts of the Continent as a ſtroller or vagabond. When advanced in years he ſettled at Chipſted in Kent, where he kept a large ſhop. Sometimes he travelled the country with goods, in the character of a married woman, having changed his *maiden* name for that

of

of his huſband who carried the pack, and to his death was his reputed *widow*, being known by the familiar appellation of Bet Page.

In the courſe of his travels he attached himſelf much to itinerant phyſicians, learned their noſtrums, and practiſed their art. His long-experience gained him the character of a moſt infallible *doctreſs*, to which profeſſion he added that of an aſtrologer, and practiſed both with great profit; yet ſuch was his extravagance, that he died worth ſix ſhillings only. It was a common cuſtom with him to ſpend whatever he had in his pocket at an alehouſe, where he uſually treated his companions.

About twelve months before his death he came to reſide at his native place. His extraordinary age procured him the notice of many of the moſt reſpectable families in the neighbourhood, particularly that of Mr. Thrale, in whoſe kitchen he was frequently entertained. Dr. Johnſon, who found him a ſhrewd ſenſible perſon, with a good memory, was very fond of converſing with him. His faculties indeed were ſo little impaired by age, that a few days before he died, he had planned another ramble, in which his landlord's ſon was to have accompanied him.

His death was very ſudden: The ſurpriſe of the neighbours may be well imagined, upon finding that the perſon, who, as long as the memory of any one then living could reach, had been always eſteemed and reputed to be a woman, was diſcovered to be a man; and the wonder was the greater as he had lived much among women, and had frequently been his landlady's bed-fellow when an unexpected lodger came to the houſe. Among other precautions, to prevent the diſcovery of his ſex, he conſtantly wore a cloth tied under his chin; and his neighbours not having the penetration of Sir Hugh Evans, who ſpied Falſtaff's beard through his muffler, the motive was unſuſpected. After his death a large pair of nippers was found in his pocket, with which, it is ſuppoſed, he endeavoured to remove by degrees all tokens of manhood from his face.

It may be obſerved, that ſuppoſing him to be the younger ſon of John Ruſſel, he would have been 100 years of age; if we ſuppoſe him to have been the elder, his age would have been 104. He himſelf uſed to aver that he was 108. He had a mixture of the habits and employments of both ſexes; for though he would drink hard with men, whoſe company indeed he chiefly affected, yet he was an excellent *ſempſtreſs*, and celebrated for making a good ſhirt. There was a wildneſs and eccentricity in his general conduct which frequently bordered

on

on insanity; and, at least, we may fairly conclude, to use a favourite expression of Anthony Wood, the Oxford biographer, that he had "a rambling head and a crazy pate."

Excellent Character of Lewis XII. King of France.

IT is the unanimous opinion of the French historians, that more royal virtues, with fewer defects, were never more conspicuous in any of their Princes, than in that of their excellent Monarch Lewis XII. France, they say, was never happier, richer, nor more tranquil than under his auspicious reign. Justice was never better administered, wiser laws were never enacted, and scarcely any ever so well executed. Military discipline was never so exact or so severe; but, at the same time, the troops were punctually paid. In succeeding times the quartering of them in provinces was esteemed a grievance. But in the time of Lewis it was considered as an advantage, and the provinces solicited it as such. His family and his court, the nobility and populace, equally admired him, and unanimously called him their *father*; the title with which he was most pleased, and which he made it the study of his life to deserve. He began his reign with abolishing imposts; and, at the time of his death, he had diminished above half of them. He was obliged sometimes to raise extraordinary taxes; but when he signed edicts for that purpose, he did it with tears. His very misfortunes endeared him to his subjects; for he might have maintained his conquests in Italy, if he would have raised large sums upon his people. But he thought any loss light, when compared with that of their affections. He was thought a little too saving; and, in the beginning of his reign, his subjects took the liberty of expressing this in satires, and even of ridiculing it on the stage. The King knew it very well; but it gave him no offence. He said upon that occasion, what ought ever to be remembered: "I had much rather my subjects should laugh at my parsimony than weep at their own distress." The custom in France then, was for the crier to proclaim the demise of persons of all ranks; and they did his, in these words: "The good King Lewis, the father of his people, is dead;"—at once the most artless and the most consummate panegyric.

To

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THE following being both an exact plan, and a ſtrictly true account of the Topſham proceſſion laſt week, the moſt reſpectable and beſt conducted thing of the kind, that has happened in the weſt country, perhaps it would afford pleaſure to the well-wiſhers of the preſent King and conſtitution to learn, by your means, the particulars; and it may not be impoſſible, that ſo bright an example ma[illegible] in the breaſts of many of the ſubjects of the British crown; at all events, by giving it a place in your next Entertainer, you will oblige many of your cuſtomers, and, peradventure, ſerve the cauſe of humanity and of this country.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your's, &c.

January 29, 1793. A. B.

An Account of the Proceſſion made by the loyal Inhabitants of the Pariſh of Topſham, in Devon, on Tueſday, January 22, 1793, *to expreſs their Attachment to our Gracious Sovereign King George the Third, and the preſent happy Conſtitution of this Realm.*

AT half an hour paſt eight o'clock in the morning the drum, and fifes accompanying it, beat through the town, to acquaint the inhabitants that the proceſſion was forming on a convenient ſpot at the lower end of Sir Alexander Hamilton's lawn, at the entrance of the town; and by half an hour paſt nine o'clock, the whole was arranged in the order exhibited in the annexed plan.

Every face was illumined by joy; the word was given to march; the band ſtruck up the favourite tune of *God ſave the King*, and the whole proceſſion moved forwards: After proceeding through the main ſtreet, and all the other principal ſtreets, with great order and regularity, the cavalcade viſited the houſes of all the country gentlemen in the pariſh, before whoſe doors the whole paſſed in review, the band playing *God ſave the King*, it having been relieved, at intervals upon the march, by the drum and fifes. It is proper here to remark, that our worthy magiſtrate and pariſhioner, Sir Alexander Hamilton, had ordered the gates at the lower end of the lawn to be

 thrown

thrown open to the proceſſion only, which, following the tract of the coach road, was ſome time in paſſing on to the lodge gate, through which it entered again upon the turnpike road.

The ſerenity and fineneſs of the day; the echoes from the diſtant hills, which ſeemed to repeat, with unuſual diſtinctneſs and preciſion, every note of the loyal and favourite tune; the hilarity of the individuals who compoſed the proceſſion, and the politeneſs of Lady H——, who ſtood with her friends under the portico in front of the houſe till the whole had paſſed; and the ſhouts of the innumerable multitude which remained in the road, without ſide the park pales, occaſioned ſuch ſenſations as no one who was not preſent can eaſily conceive.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the cavalcade returned to the place from whence it ſet out, and in leſs than a quarter of an hour every perſon had diſperſed quietly and fully ſatisfied.—The effigy was placed in an empty houſe upon the ſpot, which happened, moſt conveniently for the preſent occaſion, to be uninhabited, and ſix men mounted guard over it, to prevent its being either injured or deſtroyed by the populace, who all along had expreſſed the utmoſt deteſtation at the conduct of the original, whom the effigy was intended to repreſent. At three o'clock the guard was relieved with drum and fifes, which martial manœuvre highly delighted the lower claſs of people.

At four o'clock the whole proceſſion re-aſſembled at the head of the town, exactly in the ſame order expreſſed in the annexed plan of the morning cavalcade, and preceded by the band, playing *God ſave the King*, arrived at a roomy ſpace, in the middle of the town, intended for the new market-houſe: here the effigy was very properly addreſſed by perſon who attended for that purpoſe: Thomas Paine's execrable book, entitled the Rights of Man, together with ſome other publications of the ſame nature, and a hand-bill which had been diſperſed amongſt the inhabitants, to endeavour to diſſuade them from ſhewing their loyalty, and their hatred of Thomas Paine in the manner here mentioned, but which encountered univerſal and deſerved contempt, was firſt burnt by the hands of the executioner, and then the effigy was hung in the uſual manner, amidſt the ſhouts and acclamations of the ſurrounding populace; upon its being cut down the men under arms fired a volley, and the acclamations were repeated.

The effigy was then conducted to a point of land, a little diſtance from the town, forming a part of the bank of the river Ex, the proceſſion preſerving the greateſt order and re-

gularity as before, where, after being put in chains, the effigy was hung upon a gibbet 50 feet high, where it is likely to remain a monument of the peoples' loyalty, till deſtroyed by the injuries of time, or the elements. The men under arms now fired another volley, and the people ſung, and the band played *God ſave the King*; a hogſhead of cyder was diſtributed amongſt the populace to drink the King's health, when every one diſperſed as quietly, and as orderly, and as much ſatisfied as in the morning, expreſſing to each other their ſincere attachment to, and hearty reſolution to die in defence of their King and the conſtitution.

The officers of the navy and army, reſident at Topſham, and the gentlemen of the town, repaired to the Aſſembly-Room, at the Salutation Inn, to drink the King's health; and the Rev. Mr. Carrington being unanimouſly requeſted to take the chair, and having complied in a very obliging and polite manner, many loyal toaſts were drank, and many excellent ſongs were ſung, particularly one printed and diſperſed amongſt the company upon the occaſion. The whole terminated with the utmoſt feſtivity, decency, and good humour, to the entire ſatisfaction of all preſent.

It muſt afford great pleaſure to the public to hear, notwithſtanding the prodigious concourſe of people aſſembled upon this loyal occaſion, not the ſlighteſt accident happened to any one.

In juſtice to the managers it is fair to obſerve, that the whole was under the conduct and appointment of William Newport, jun. Eſq. Lieutenant in his Majeſty's late 90th regiment, aſſiſted by Thomas Langford Brown, Eſq. Lieutenant in the Queen's American Rangers; Mr. James Carrington junior, Mr. Kingſton of the Cuſtom-Houſe, and Mr. J. Woolcombe.

On the Thurſday night following the gentlemen of the town gave a ball to the ladies (and a ſupper), who were only admitted by ſubſcribers' tickets.

On Tueſday and Thurſday an elegant painting of a regal crown, with King and conſtitution, in gold letters, underneath, was diſplayed over the chimney piece in the Aſſembly-Room, at the Salutation Inn, where it is ordered to remain, to perpetuate the circumſtances of thoſe two memorable days.

—— *Conſtitutio vivant Rexque Regina.*

Form of the Topsham Procession on Tuesday, January 22, 1793, for Burning the Effigy of Thomas Paine, Author of the libellous Tract, entitled the "Rights of Man."

Three Town Conftables.
Drum and two fifes.
Two Gentlemen Managers on horfeback in the conftitutional uniform.
The Captain of the men under arms.
Six men under arms to guard the colours.
Colours.
A young Gentleman on horfeback, on each fide, to carry the fly of the colours, both dreffed in the conftitutional uniform.
Six men under arms to guard the colours.
B A N D.
Three hautboys, two horns, and a baffoon.
Twelve additional conftables, two and two, to guard the cart with the effigy of Tom Paine.
Four Gentlemen Managers on horfeback, in the conftitutional uniform.
Two riding conftables to form the cavalcade as they joined, and to preferve order,
Grand cavalcade of 126 horfemen, with fafhes and cockades, and many in the conftitutional uniform.
About 4000 foot, with cockades in their hats.
Foot colours.
Ship carpenters carrying the implements of their trade.
Blackfmiths and anchorfmiths ditto.

A N E C D O T E S.

WHEN Mr. Garrick was vefted with theatrical power by being manager of Drury-lane Theatre, he made ufe of it to bring out Johnfon's tragedy of Irene; but Johnfon could not for fome time brook that a drama which he had formed with much ftudy, and had been obliged to keep more than the nine years of Horace, fhould be revifed and altered at the pleafure of an actor. "Sir," faid Johnfon to Dr. Taylor upon this fubject, "the fellow (Garrick) wants to make Mahomet run mad, that he may have an opportunity of toffing his hands and kicking his heels." The poet, however, was at length perfuaded to fubmit. The reprefentation, by the zeal of Garrick to ferve his friend, was continued through nine nights;

nights; but it received its death wound upon the first repre-sentation; for, when Mrs. Pritchard, the heroine of the piece, was to be strangled on the stage, and was to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck, the audience, who before the curtain drew-up did not appear to have conceived a very favourable opinion of it, cried out, murder! murder! and, though she attempted several times to speak, she was at length obliged to go off the stage alive; and, in the subsequent representations, was supposed to be murdered behind the scenes. Of this play Mr. Boswell has given a very ingenious criticism. Johnson, when asked how he felt upon the ill success of his tragedy, replied, "Like the Monument;" meaning, says his historian, "that he continued firm and unmoved as that column."

WHAT first displayed Dr. Johnson's transcendent powers, was his London, a poem in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, which came out in the month of May 1738, "and burst forth," says Mr. Boswell, "with a splendour, the rays of which will for ever encircle his name." This poem, excellent as it certainly is, was offered, without the author's name, to several booksellers, none of whom would purchase it; but Johnson at length inclosed it in a letter to Mr. Cave as the production of an author of his acquaintance, who, to procure the recommendation of a good publisher's name, read it to Mr. Robert Dodsley, who had taste enough to bargain for the whole property in it, for which he generously gave Johnson ten guineas.

Answer, by Joseph Platts, of Sidmouth, to H. F.'s Rebus, inserted December 10.

I Travelled east, west, north, and south,
And found your rebus was DARTMOUTH.

*** We have received the like answer from a grandson of the schoolmaster of St. Stephen's in Brannel; W. Brewer, of Taunton; M. Barrett jun. Exon; I. Salter, Payhembury; J. Traer, and E. Giddy, Truro; J. L. Clarke, of Honiton; W. Hodgson, Tywardreath; W. Hoare, Dean Prior; Juventus, St. Austell; S. Hill, Dawlish; W. Pridham, J. Sowton, and J. Bartlett, of Ipplepen school; William Smith, and R. Uren jun. Grampound; and J. Spry, of Wiveliscombe.

Anſwer, by J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Carey, to J. K. C.'s Enigma, inſerted December 3.

THE meaning that you had in view
Was FIRE, and that your lines will ſhew.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Coumbes, St. German's; M. Barrett junior, Exon; Wm. Hodgſon, of Tywardreath; Juventus, St. Auſtell; R. Uren, Grampound.

An ENIGMA, *by J. K. C. near Wells.*

TO you, ye bards, who take delight to find,
The fav'rite ſubjects of each lab'ring mind,
Behold a theme here dreſs'd in myſtic guiſe,
Stands repreſented thus before your eyes;
Whoſe noble ſpirit ſcorns to veil his face,
But reigns ſole monarch of a num'rous race.
Say, would you wiſh to know from whence he came?
Gladly I'll then recount his birth and fame.
Firſt on the parents of this worthy ſire
We'll caſt a look, and ſee how they aſpire,
In all the pomp and ſplendour of the age,
Defying rancour, and its haughty rage;
But like to man, who muſt obey his call,
They ſoon, too ſoon, alas! were doom'd to fall
A prey to thoſe who had with envying eyes,
Beheld them long in ſtately grandeur riſe;
Yet virtue ſhields her vot'ries from diſtreſs,
And ev'n in this her goodneſs was no leſs;
For tho' but few eſcaped the carnage dire,
Thoſe few but fell to riſe again much higher;
Some foſt'ring eye ſurvey'd the bloody rage,
With which their foes ſo fiercely did engage,
And taking pity on their ſervile caſe,
Reſolved to ſave them from an end ſo baſe;
Thus timely reſcu'd from this fatal hour,
From hence once more began their growing pow'r;
A num'rous offspring which their parents here,
Nurs'd from this time with all peculiar care;
Soon ſpread abroad the terror of their fame,
Which made whole nations tremble at the name;
And oft, no doubt, have thump'd thoſe foes full ſore,
Who did their kindred barbarouſly devour;

Such

Such fame ſoon reach'd the ſummit of the throne,
(For power ſeldom reſts to Kings unknown)
And proving what report affirm'd was true,
In greater favour day by day they grew;
Great were the honours they experienc'd here,
And while ſome bow'd for love, more bow'd for fear;
But gaining by their merit juſt applauſe,
They ſoon united in their country's cauſe;
When haughty Dons came riding o'er the waves
In hopes to make us free-born Britons ſlaves,
Join'd with the Gauls, whoſe perfidy we know
Has ever been to ſtrike an unſeen blow,
Their ſlackening courage ſoon gave way to fear,
When theſe our gallant neighbours did appear,
True to Britannia, and her injur'd ſtate,
Thoſe friends to juſtice boldly dar'd their fate;
While native Freedom warm'd each glowing breaſt,
And ſtately Honour rear'd her towering creſt,
Stern o'er the flood our fleet majeſtic ſteer'd,
With courage noble, and for war prepar'd,
Which ſoon convinc'd the infatuated crew,
'Twas Britiſh pride ſuch tyrants to ſubdue.
Hiſtory records their worth in ages paſt,
And few there are but know it in the laſt;
Their noble, gen'rous hearts unknown to fear,
Brave every danger with an aſpect clear;
Ev'n Kings themſelves have ſought their timely aid,
And 'ſcap'd the ſnares their enemies had laid.
When bleak north-winds the mighty nod obey,
And breathe rough vengeance on the troubled ſea;
When briny waves float high in ambient air,
Nor will the veſſel, nor the ſailor ſpare,
Theſe worthy ſires, obeying Fate's command,
Oft help the ſhipwreck'd mariner to land.
When Drake, that friend to Britain, round the ſphere
His thundering conqueſts hurl'd, devoid of fear,
He choſe my worthy theſis for his friend,
Who ſeldom left him till his latter end;
And when to Heaven he went (your tears ſuppreſs)
His friend obtain'd a ſeat from good Queen Beſs.
A few hints more, good folks, and then I've done,
Tho' they're in number great they ſtill are one;
As ſuch they reign, the ſov'reign of their ſect,
And now the name from you, gents, I expect.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ODE *to* HOPE.

By G. HEADFORD, *of Wellington.*

WHAT hideous form, with ghastly face,
Would fain enforce her foul embrace?
Hence fell Despair to realms of dole,
Companion to the hapless soul.

Indiff'rence! whose wan cheek ne'er glows,
Still frigid as Siberian snows;
My heart is not thy wonted rest,
Go dwell upon the stoic's breast.

But come fair Hope! with thee I'll stray,
Along Devotion's sacred way,
And bless the sweet, transporting hours,
Whilst thou engag'st my noblest powers.

On thy firm pinions my soul
Shall fly beyond where systems roll;
Nor tremble from th' unmeasur'd height
When God inspires so bold a flight.

" Altho'* the fig-tree should not shoot,
" The vine be blasted to the root;
" Nor fruit, nor corn, nor cheering oil,
" Be found to bless the peasant's toil;
" The folds no fleecy charge inclose,
" The stalls send forth no grateful lows,"
If bless'd with thee, fair Hope, I'd praise
My God in grateful, humble lays.

Should

* Habakkuk, iii. 17.

Should fierce Diſeaſe, with torturing pangs,
And ſtern Oppreſſion's iron fangs,
Or Dæmons, with malignant hate,
Conſpire to make me curſe my fate;
Should friends become my greateſt foes,
And mock with irony my woes,
If bleſs'd with thee, fair Hope, I'd praiſe
My God in grateful, humble lays.

ELEGY *to* PITY.

HAIL lovely power! whoſe boſom heaves the ſigh,
When Fancy paints the ſcene of deep diſtreſs;
Whoſe tears ſpontaneous cryſtallize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the power to bleſs.

Not all the ſweets Arabia's gales convey
From flowery meads, can with that ſigh compare:
Not dew drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near ſo beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace the dove before thee flies;
No blood-ſtain'd traces mark thy blameleſs way,
Beneath thy feet no hapleſs inſect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,
To ſpring the partridge for the guileful foe,
From ſecret ſnares the ſtruggling bird to free,
And ſtop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And Nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
Let us ſlow wandering where the current flows,
Save ſinking flies that float along the ſtream.

Or turn to nobler, greater taſks thy care,
To me thy ſympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in Friendſhip's griefs to bear a ſhare,
And juſtly boaſt the generous, feeling heart.

Teach me to ſoothe the helpleſs orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes aſſuage,
To Miſery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the ſure reſource of drooping age.

So when the genial ſpring of life ſhall fade,
And ſinking Nature owns the dread decay,
Some ſoul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the cloſe of Life's eventful day.

ODE *to* LESBIA's LUTE.

YE trembling ſtrings, from whoſe vibration flow
Joy's thrilling tide, and ſadly pleaſing woe:
Soothing the ſenſe, yet to the ſoul's repoſe
Deſtructive as the nerve of Cupid's bow!

With gentleſt melody in Leſbia's ear
(If any mortal ſounds have pow'r to tell)
Whiſper how much I hope—how much I fear—
The pity I implore—the pains I feel.

When her fleet touch calls forth th' enlivening ſtrain
Bid rapture float upon the charmed air:
Tell her, when ſad th' expreſſive notes complain:
" So breathes thy bard the ſigh of deep deſpair."

Of yore ſuch ſounds, as thrill th' enamour'd breaſt
When Leſbia's hands the ſilver chords embrace,
Could lull th' embattled elements to reſt,
Bend knotted oaks, and tame a ruthleſs race.

Yet, Leſbia! like thy lute tho' Orpheus ſtrung
His lyre to ſtrains divine, its amorous lord
For thee had left Eurydice unſung,
And Pluto's gloomy confines unexplor'd.

VERSES *to* DELIA.

AS thro' the dreary gloom of night,
Some kind and gen'rous ray,
Forth from the cottage darts delight,
And ſpeeds th' trav'ller's way.

So thro' the uncertain tracts I flee,
With dread deſpair to cope,
Since in my Delia's eye I ſee
A ſpark that kindles hope.

Topſham. SCRIBLERIUS.